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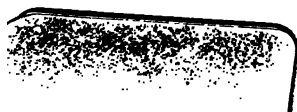
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11
P. 11



THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

X.

SPENSER, VOL. V.



CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,
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C. SMITH, AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

1822.

NO. 1
P. 115



THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight :
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgè unto her right.

I.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong :
But Iustice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes ; whose wrongs though
long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton
Knight.

II.

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke himselfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

III.

Nathelesse himselfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull
state.

IV.

The Prince staid not his aunswere to devise,
But opening streight the sparre forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly aunswerd him, He there did stand
That would his doings iustifie with his owne hand.

V.

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight;
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marblerocke asunder could have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use whenas the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon faynd to shift,
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Edmund Spenser.

VOL. V.

Christchurch :

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdain
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t'avenge himselfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the Childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

IX.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree and cropped
quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himselfe with horreur great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly
looke.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the Childe his lookes, ne yet his
But onely wexed now the more aware [threats;
To save himselfe from those his furious heats,
And watch aduantage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire:
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortal steel quite through the body
strooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine ;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the House of Dole, his daies there to
deplore.

XV.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two Sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand :
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
Uppon these Warriours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greet-
ed all.

XVI.

But Belgè with her Sonnes prostrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight, [wo,
Mongstioyes mixing some tears, mongstwele some
Him thus bespake ; " O most redoubted Knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might ;
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But ev'n that which thou savedst thine still to re-
maine !"

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might;
Saying, " Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth
pay,"

XVIII.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd, " Ah ! Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chieffest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace."
" What is there else," sayd he " left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in dout."

XIX.

" Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horror of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifice
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devise,
The more t' aggrate his god with such his blouddy
guize.

XX.

“ And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous Monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrificize unto that cursed Feend :
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd : for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with dire
decay.”

XXI.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan
earne
For great desire that Monster to assay ;
And prayd the place of her abode to learne :
Which being shew'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told
The Monster underneath the altar lay ;
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

XXII.

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke ;
And, the third time, out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' altars smooke
A dreadfull Feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still ;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill ;
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength ;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde :
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horreur which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse ;
A lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse ;
A dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight ;
And eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

XXV.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The Father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death deceived like a foole.

XXVI.

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her
way.

XXVII.

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioyns, as he for terrour shooke;
Whonought was terrifide but greater courage tooke.

XXIX.

As when the mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile;
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

XXX.

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belgè selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
But then the Feend herselfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done
to rew :

XXXI.

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or
thinke.

XXXII.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make:
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger
drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praying his renowned worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

XXXIV.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the Man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV.

There he with Belgè did awhile remaine
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assuraunce and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgè and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former iourney him address;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI.

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, streightway went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenaes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery Court he saw her wend,
Unto his Sovereaine Queene her suite for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan
“ Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?”
To whom he thus; “ She liveth sure and sound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

XXXIX.

“ For she presuming on th’ appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the Salvage Ilands syde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

XL.

“ And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She death shall sure aby.” Those tidings sad
Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

XLI.

Then thus replide; "Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that faire Maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witnesse unto me, ye heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did
owe.

XLII.

"But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide."
"Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

XLIII.

"Now turne againe," Sir Artégall then sayd;
"For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure yourselfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend."
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht the cause to know,
 They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
 That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
 And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
 To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage with-
 stands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
 To reskue her from their rude violence;
 And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
 Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence:
 But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,
 That naught may boot to banishe them from
 thence;
 For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
 They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
 That they his shield in peeces battred have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
 Albe that it most safety to him gave,
 And much did magnifie his noble name:
 For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
 And counted but a recreant Knight with endles
 shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that Yron Man
With his' huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
Like scattred chaffe, the which the wind away
doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire:
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those Villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

XLIX.

To whom he thus; " My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore:
And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdellis hight,
Is mine owne Love, though me she have forlore;
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

L.

" But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my Love, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

LI.

" And now he hath this troupe of Villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remédillesse."

LII.

" But why have ye," said Artegall, " forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any Knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame,
" That shall I unto you," quoth he, " bewray;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

LIII.

“ True is that I at first was dubbed Knight
By a good Knight, the Knight of the Redcrosse ;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers Badge upon the bosse :
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse ;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

LIV.

“ But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more ;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battred sore
I layd aside, and have of late forbore ;
Hoping thereby to have my Love obtaind :
Yet can I not my Love have nathemore ;
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mis-
trayned.”

LV.

To whom thus Artegall ; “ Certes, Sir Knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine ;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field :
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour
yield !”

LVI.

“Not so,” quoth he; “for yet, when time doth serve,

My former shield I may resume againe :
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
Whenas necessitie doth it constraine.”

“Fie on such forgerie,” said Artegall,
“Under one hood to shadow faces twaine :
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all :
Of all things, to dissemble, foully may befall !”

LVII.

“Yet let me you of courtesie request,”
Said Burbon, “to assist me now at need
Against these Pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infâmous deed,
That yet my Love may from their hands be freed.”
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight
Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and
might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster ;
That forst at first those Knights backe to retyre :
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe in-
quyre.

LIX.

But, whenas overblowen was that brunt,
Those Knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
But the two Knights themselves their Captains
did subdew.

LX.

At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abroad:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight;
But that those Villens through their usage bad
Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre:
But she, backstarting, with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those Knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXII.

Sayd Artegall; "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine
more cleare?"

LXIII.

"Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the Love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted
hold."

LXIV.

Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare;
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find:
But, hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd:
So bore her quite away nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV.

Nathlesse the Yron Man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle ;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle:
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed ;
For that the terme, approching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield :
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

I.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine !
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine :
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

II.

Witnesse may Burbon be ; whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound :
And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound :
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.

III.

Gainst whom Sir Artegall long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,)
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forslackt: but now time drawing ny,
To him assynd her high beheast to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

IV.

Tho, when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell:
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But, whenas nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine;
Talus into the sea did forth issew
Though darts from shore and stones they at him
threw;
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chast away
And made to fly like doves, when th' eagle doth
affray.

VI.

The whyles Sir Artegall with that old Knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall: wherewith troubled sore
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And, forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the
shore:

VII.

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus sternely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand:

VIII.

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did awhile asswage.
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight:

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine;
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X.

That night Sir Artégall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst breake, though many would
right faine
For faire Irena whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purway which for them needfull
weare.

XI.

The morrow next that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artégals arrivall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee;
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

XII.

Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
 Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
 And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
 She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
 For to receive the doome of her decay:
 But comming to the place, and finding there
 Sir Artegall in battailous array
 Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
 And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
 That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
 And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
 Thereon distill and dew her daintie face,
 Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
 Dispreeds the glorie of her leaues gay;
 Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
 When Artegall she saw in that array,
 There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day:

XIV.

Who came at length with proud presumptuous
 gate
 Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
 All armed in a cote of yron plate
 Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
 And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
 Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
 And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
 Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
 With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong:

XV.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne;
That whether man or monster one could scarce
discerne.

XVI.

Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin Swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld;
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

XVII.

The trumpets sound; and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,
To doe most dammage whereas most they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or
brast.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed :
As when a skilfull marriner doth reed
A storme approaching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

XIX.

So did the Faerie Knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield :
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare ;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield :
So stoutest Knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the Tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did
overlade.

XX.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed Felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye :
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect;
But, byting deepe, therein did sticke so fast
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could
wrast.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the Knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe.
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

XXIII.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his succeſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time
oppreſſe ;

And, running all with greedie ioyfulneſſe
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall ;
And eke her Champions glorie ſounded over all :

XXV.

Who, ſtreight her leading with meete maiestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceable,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne ;
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That Tyrants part with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heauiſe payne ;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left that durſt her once haue diſ-
obayd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His ſtudie was true Iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale :
And that ſame Yron Man, which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he
ſent

To ſearch out thoſe that uſd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull government ;
On whom he did inflict moſt grieuous puniſhment.

XXVII.

But, ere he coulede reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Iustice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redresse;
But Envies cloud still dimmeth Vertues ray!
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

XXVIII.

Tho, as he backe returned from that Land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd Hags he met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two griesly Creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly
cases.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule
heare
Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew
And all her bones might through her cheekes be
red;
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake, therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom; but thought more, the
lesse she sed:

XXX.

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she
 scratcht

Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

XXXI.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall:
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a Monsters monstrous dyeat:

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was then shee ;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree :
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd ;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd :
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have
bereaved.

XXXIV.

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a man's iutent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment :
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked
sort :

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many ;
That every matter worse was for her melling :
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next ;
A wicked Hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischief ; for herselfe she onely vext ;
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplex.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills :
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils ;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had
disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artëgall ;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall :
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A Monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfall Feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd and to their purpose
lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome drest :
Who when they nigh approaching had espyde
Sir Artëgall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes :
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares does beat her brest and forehead
knockes.

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

XL.

Then th' other comming neare gan him revile,
And foully rayle, with all she could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Iustice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd he foully did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention;
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe;
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those Hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did
straine.

XLII.

And, still among, most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw :
And more, to make them pierce and wound more
deepe,

She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe :
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chástiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artégall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed :
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie Court; where what him fell shall else
be told.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING
The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courtesie.

I.

THE waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faëry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and chears my dulled
spright.

II.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of Learnings treasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by
the Muse:

III.

Revele to me the sacred nursery
Of Vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men and wicked worlds disdainē;
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

IV.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely Courtesie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreads itselfe through all civilitie:
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned shoves esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme:

V.

But, in the triall of true Curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras:
But Vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts
defynd.

VI.

But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of princely Curtesie,
As in Yourselfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so, from low to high, uplifted is your Name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,
That from Yourselfe I doe this Vertue bring,
And to Yourselfe doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king:
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where Courtesies ex-
cell.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A Damzell used vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I.

OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
That Vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

II.

But mongst them all was none more courteous
Knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all:
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame
display.

III.

Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace;
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th'evill to embase:
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty,

IV.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
When Calidore thus first; "Haile, noblest Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathe living
spright!

V.

"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arise.
"Now, happy man," said then Sir Calidore,
"Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renownmed make for evermore.

VI.

" But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace ; withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide ;
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
" What is that quest," quoth then Sir Artegall,
" That you into such perils presently doth call ?"

VII.

" The Blatant Beast," quoth he, " I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew :
Yet know I not or how or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
" What is that Blatant Beast then," he replide ?
" It is a Monster bred of hellishe race,"
Then answered he, " which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else
destroyd.

VIII.

" Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot ;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew ; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men :
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

IX.

“ Then, since the Salvage Island I did leave,”
Sayd Artegall, “ I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure :
But I, that knew myselfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre ;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure. ’

X.

“ That surely is that Beast,” saide Calidore,
“ Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had :
Yet now some hope your words unto me add.”
“ Now God you speed,” quoth then Sir Artegall,
“ And keepe your body from the daunger drad ;
For ye have much adoe to deale withall !”
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound ;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide :
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him said ;

XII.

“ Unhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captvyed in this shamefull place?”
To whom he answered thus; “ My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

XIII.

“ Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight there stands a Castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,)
But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away,
And that Knights beard, for toll which they for
passage pay.”

XIV.

“ A shamefull use as ever I did heare,”
Sayd Calidore, “ and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne.”
Sayd then that Squire; “ The Lady, which doth
owne
This Castle, is by name Briana hight;
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she
might.

XV.

“ His name is Crudor; who, through high disdain
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd:
Which to provide, she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

XVI.

“ He, this same day as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare:
Me first he tooke unhable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
Ne wote I surely whether he her yet have fond.”

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that Carle from farre with hand unblest
Hayling that Mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pittty, nor refraine for feare.

XVIII.

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that Villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft:
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde,
“ Leave, faytor, quickly that misgotten weft
To him that hath it better iustifyde,
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art
defyde.”

XIX.

Who, hearkning to that voice, himselfe upreard,
And, seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake;
“ Art thou the Caytive that defyest me,
And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free.”

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight:
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might:
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall drive a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course ;
So soone as passage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent,
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore :
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore ;
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine :
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the Ward to open to him hastilie.

XXIII.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in ;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin :
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut ; whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the Castle kept
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a steare, in heat of sommers day,
 With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty
 blame:

XXV.

"False traytor Knight," said she, "no Knight at all,
 But scorne of armes! that hast with guilty hand
 Murdered my men, and slaine my Seneschall;
 Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
 And spoile my selfe, that cannot thee withstand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
 Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
 And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame
 requight."

XXVI.

Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
 Yet answer'd thus; "Not unto me the shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford.
 Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserve the same;
 But they that breake bands of civilitie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie:
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII.

"Then doe yourselfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe : That shall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine."
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde ;
"Vile recreant ! know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my Love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be
defyde."

XXVIII.

"To take defiauncc at a Ladies word,"
Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity ;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
"Cowherd," quoth she, "were not that thou
wouldst fly
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
"If I doe so," sayd he, "then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to
deface."

XXIX.

With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould
(A privy token which betweene them past)
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor ; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
Who through strong powre had now herself in
Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight, [hould,
And all her people mured with outragious might :

XXX.

The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night:
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned Knight;
Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her
Knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wil'd her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore;
But rather did more clearefull seeme therefore:
And, having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, whenas a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and
might.

XXXIII.

Well weend he streight that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in midst of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

XXXIV.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse sound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that drery stound,
There where she stood uppon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

XXXV.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had stept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and, courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would
 ensew.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two for maystery of might:
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious despight;
 Which as it still encreast, so still increast
 Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
 Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
 And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
 Into the life of his malignant foe;
 They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
 As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
 Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a
 flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
 At once did heave with all their powre and might,
 Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
 And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
 But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
 And nimbler-handed then his enemye,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
 That made him stoupe to ground with meeke hu-
 militie:

XXXIX.

And, ere he could recover foote againe,
He following that faire advantage fast
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
And leaping to him light would have unlast
His helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out, " Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth
lay."

XL.

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd;
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
" And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor
yearne.

XLI.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a Knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruellenesse:
In vain he seeketh others to suppressse,
Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

XLII.

“ Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have ?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew :
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound :
First, that ye better shall yourselfe behave
Unto all errant Knights, whereso on ground ;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and
stound.”

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffering him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition ;
But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
He up arose, however lief or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld ;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upheard, and to her teld
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did proiect;
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thanks and dutifull respect,
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI.

So all returning to the Castle glad,
Most ioyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was
afore.

XLVII.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
And to his Damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong;
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous Knight :
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

I.

WHAT vertue is so fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Ladie whom a Knight should love,
As Curtesie ; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behoue ?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good ; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe :
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II.

Thereto great helpe Dame Nature selfe doth lend :
For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find ;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine :
For everie thing, to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine :
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst
with paine.

III.

That well in courteous Calidore appears ;
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed Knight that did on horsebacke
ryde.

IV.

And them beside a Ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foote in foule array ;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may :
But, ere he came in place, that Youth had kild
That armed Knight, that low on ground he lay ;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with won-
der fild.

V.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race :
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace ;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

VI.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed,
At length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle
Swaine!
Why hath thy hand too bold itselfe embrewed
In blood of Knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By theen no Knight; which armes impugneth plaine!"
"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
The Law of Armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

VIII.

"For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puissance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame," then said Sir Calidore,
"For armed Knight a wight unarm'd to wrong;
But then aread, thou gentle Chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne up-
rore,"

IX.

“That shall I sooth,” said he, “to you declare.
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld woodie raine :
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this Knight who there lyes
 slaine,
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

X.

“The Knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his Ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame :
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.

XI.

“Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud disdain
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chástize me, as doth t'a chyld per-
 taine.

XII.

“ Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or
twaine ;

Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite ; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did de-
part.”

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a
breach

Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke :
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her owne Knight had given him his owne due
hire.

XIV.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
But cleard that Stripling of th' imputed blame ;
Sayd then Sir Calidore, “ Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame :
For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame ;
And what he did, he did himselfe to save :
Against both which that Knight wrought knight-
lesse shame :

For Knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

XV.

“ But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead.”
“ Certes, Sir Knight,” sayd she, “ full loth I were
To rayse a lyving blame against the dead :
But, since it me concernes myselfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

XVI.

“ This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a Knight in ioyous iolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes :
Faire was the Ladie sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

XVII.

“ Whom when my Knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her Lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share :
Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight : but, whenas I was loth
My Loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me
throw’th,
And with presumptuous powre against that Knight
streight go’th.

XVIII.

“ Unarm'd all was the Knight, as then more meet
For Ladies service and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete :
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him digh
Himselfe to yeeld his Love or else to fight :
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his Love he should be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynst all that
gainesayd.

XIX.

“ Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch : but he was fierce and whol
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot ;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it bootend

XX.

“ Meane while his Lady, which this outrage saw
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
My Knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drov
And left sore wounded : but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad ; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereso he w
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him li

XXI.

“ But, whenas her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind :
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong :
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long ;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

XXII.

“ Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pouching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused ;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints
to heare.

XXIII.

“ So passed we, till this young man us met ;
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meete, for ease of my regret :
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.”
“ Now sure,” then said Sir Calidore, “ and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault :
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.”

XXIV.

Then turning backe unto that gentle Boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit,
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He prayd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good;

XXV.

“ Faire gentle Swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost
wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne;
Or surely borne of some heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly-
head.

XXVI.

“ But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw' in any greater hope appeare.”

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble Youth; " May be,
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a king, (however thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head by
right adorne,)

XXVIII.

" And Tristram is my name; the onely heire
Of good king Meliograss which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

XXIX.

"The widow queene my mother, which then hight
Faile Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

XXX.

“ So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong :
To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight
Into this Land, where I have wond thus long
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature
strong.

XXXI.

“ All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlenesse ; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres :
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was
seene.

XXXII.

“ Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high trowing or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know :
Such be our ioyes which in these forrests grow :
Onely the use of armes, which most I ioy,
And fitteth most for noble Swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet ; yet past a Boy,
And being now high time these strong ioynts to
imploy.

XXXIII.

“ Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead Knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in
fight.”

XXXIV.

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now, then earst, he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; “ Faire Chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is Chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.”

XXXV.

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leavès small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his
smyling hew.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie Knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight;

XXXVII.

“ Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

XXXVIII.

“ But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.”
The noble Ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne;
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

XXXIX.

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead Knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like sunne rayes ;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes :
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead Knight :
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore ;
Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This Knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded
sore

Another Knight in his despiteous pryde ;
There he that Knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill
dyde :

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning :
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII.

Then, speaking to the Ladie, thus he said ;
 “ Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach
 To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
 This Knight unarm'd with so unknowntly breach
 Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may avenge him of so foule despight.”
 The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sigh't :

XLIII.

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous
 Knight,
 Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
 Lying together in unglam'd delight ;
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound :
 Yet, when she fled into that covert greave,
 He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did
 leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
 Well understood, he gan of her demand,
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
 She then, like as she best could understand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; " Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved
Knight.

XLVI.

" Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieve,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your Lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convey to be recur'd." She thank't him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
" Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare ;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne :
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne :
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home ;
Pursues the Blatant Beast :
Saves Sérena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

I.

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne :
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners ; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne :
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne :
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners
met.

II.

But evermore contráry hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed ;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed :
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

III.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
 That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
 And borne greatsway in armes amongst his peares;
 But now weake age had dimd his candlelight:
 Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
 And loved all that did to armes incline;
 And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
 Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
 And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes, Aladine.

IV.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
 With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
 By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,
 Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
 That he these words burst forth; "Ah! sorry Boy!
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely ioy,
 Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?"

V.

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
 So tickle is the state of earthly things;
 That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
 They fall too short of our frayle reckonings,
 And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
 Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case!"

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare :
That to Sir Calidore was easie geare ;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her Lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now
be brought :

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great Pere ; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt herny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
And of lesse livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne
His meannesse much, and make her th' others
riches scorne.

VIII.

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade ;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame ; and further gan devise
How she the blame might salve with coloured
disguize.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melánochlie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his
quest.

X.

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded Love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and
steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she wachth him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally
attacht him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII.

Which she perceiuing did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares :
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others grieve with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate ;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore : all other helpes were past.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust ;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped
lay
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

XIV.

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe ;
And to salute him if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was ;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe :
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked
source.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
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And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning :
Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavie eyne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII.

Then, speaking to the Ladie, thus he said ;
 “ Ye dolefull Dame, let not your grieve empeach
 To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
 This Knight unarm'd with so unknowntly breach
 Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may avenge him of so foule despight.”
 The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her sory hart few heaue words forth sigh't :

XLIII.

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous
 Knight,
 Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
 Ioying together in unblam'd delight ;
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
 Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
 Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound :
 Yet, when she fled into that covert greave,
 He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did
 leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
 Well understood, he gan of her demand,
 What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
 She then, like as she best could understand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
 Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
 Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
 A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; " Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved
Knight.

XLVI.

" Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your Lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convey to be recur'd." She thank't him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
" Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare ;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne :
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne :
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home ;
Pursues the Blatant Beast :
Saves Sérena, whilst Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

I.

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne :
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners ; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne :
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne :
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
Doth noble courage shew with courteous manners
met.

II.

But evermore contráry hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed ;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed :
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river go'th,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude Churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th' one hand stayd himselfe upright,
With th' other staide his Lady up with steddy might.

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discourteous Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe
and fell:

XXXV.

“Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name;
And blot of all that armes upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To iustifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight.”

XXXVI.

The Dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nath'lesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

“ Full loth am I,” quoth he, “ as now at earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the
Ford.”

XL.

“ His name,” quoth he, “ if that thou list to learne,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to every Errant Knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight.”
“ Ill seemes,” sayd he, “ if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree,

XLI.

“ But go thy waies to him, and fro me say
That here is at his gate an Errant Knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t’ assay
The prooffe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell withall the lamentable plight
In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
That pittie craves, as he of woman was yborne.”

XLII.

The Groome went streightway in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message which that Knight did move;
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his Love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the Groome returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee:
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soone as ioyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney
go'th.

XLVI.

He go'th on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approached nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misgyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run,

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloody will:
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood en-
sew'd
In great abundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry :
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously ;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany :
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought !
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a Salvage Man
From Turpine reskewed is ;
And, whylest an Infant from a beare
He saves, his Love doth misse.

I.

LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold ;
Such was the state of this most courteous Knight
Being oppressed by that Faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright :

II.

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
A Salvage Man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne
To understand what there was to be donne ;
There he this most discourteous Craven found
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The Salvage Man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew ;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite ;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpe with meeke habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents :
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

V.

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran ; who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare ;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.





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VI.

With that the Wyld Man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he gurple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse
were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

VIII.

But after him the Wyld Man ran apace,
And him pursewed with impórtune speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chace;
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a Knight.

IX.

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

X.

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile Lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And perill, by this Salvage Man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
By reason that her Knight was wounded sore:
Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

But the Wyld Man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speech,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words (which Nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions) which his reason did em-
peach:

XII.

And comming likewise to the wounded Knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood ;
And, running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood ;
The iuyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched
thought.

XIII.

Then taking up that recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them them made
With him to wend unto his winning neare ;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spreading brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this
wights abode.

XIV.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests ;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests :
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed ; their pillow was unsowed ;
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast :
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the blood, obeying Natures first beheast.

XV.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that Caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

XVI.

During which time that Wyld Man did apply
His best endeavour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming
faine

When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that Knightës wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

XVII.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an Infant bore,
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinckled all with
gore.

XVIII.

The litle Babe did loudly scrike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' Infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

XIX.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and iesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed de-
light.

XX.

So well he sped him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And, without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

XXI.

But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone ;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony
masse.

XXII.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him cload, and, laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting
powre to straine.

XXIII.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armēs twaine
The litle Babe, sweet relickes of his pray ;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray ;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts shape teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh ; but whole them all he
found.

XXIV.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe ;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme ;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take : now west he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell :
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end ;
And evermore his lovely litle Spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend :
So all that day, in wandring, vainely he did spend.

XXVI.

At last, about the setting of the sunne,
Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne :
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some womankynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd :
Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd ;
“ What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare ; so mote ye not re-
pent.”

XXVIII.

To whom she thus ; “ What need me, Sir, to tell
That which yourself have earst ared so right ?
A wofull Dame ye have me termed well ;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight !”
“ Nathlesse,” quoth he, “ if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright :
Of times it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot
fynd.”

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame ;
“ Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord ;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

XXX.

“ So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

XXXI.

“ For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after ourselves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule Feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our liv'es end,

XXXII.

“ But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, *there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that Feend should be
fordonne.*

XXXIII.

“ Well hop’t he then, when this was propheside,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud Gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in years,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cause of grieve to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth
ceaselesse teares.”

XXXIV.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy grieve;
And, when he had devized of her case,
He gan in minde conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe:
And, having cheared her, thus said; “ Faire Dame,
In evils Counsell is the comfort chiefe;
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

XXXV.

“ If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This litle Babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in Chevalry,
Or nourle up in lore of learn’d Philosophy.

XXXVI.

“ And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble Knights have raysted beene
(As their victorious deedes have often shoven,
Being with fame through many nations blowen,)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps
were sowen
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t’ all honorable hap.”

XXXVII.

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor reason,
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach :
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same Babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and seisin ;
And, having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

XXXVIII.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought ;
Ne she lesse glad ; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That, when that Infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne ;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes ; the which elsewhere
are showne.

XXXIX.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight;
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankd her as a
frend;

XL.

And, for exceeding grieve which inly grew,
That he his Love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw.
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

CANTO V.

The Salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthure fynd ;
Who her, together with his Squyre,
With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

I.

O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt !
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this Wyld Man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt ;
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper
kynd.

II.

That plainely may in this Wyld Man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and
bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched Dame :
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came ;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the
same.

III.

Who, whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afraide ;
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde :
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where
he spyde.

IV.

Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament :
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

V.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murderous knife
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie Life :
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger Death, and feared their decay :
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought, by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound :
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction
wrought.

VII.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case :
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight ;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors
might.

VIII.

Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit ;
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A Salvage Man matcht with a Ladie fayre
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident;
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her Groome; which he by signes did reede;
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed;
And, in his homely wize, began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

XI.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo! where a Knight, together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two Errant Knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get:
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard :
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniust detraction him did beard ;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her souveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But, of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight :
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight ;
The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto ;
The third, nor strong nor wise but spightfullest,
Defetto.

XIV.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine ;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine :
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound :
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him
confound.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved Dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame :
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftymes out of their greedy
 hould.

XVI.

The hardy Boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy ;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That, his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly :
Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof
 secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight ;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers
 him drew,
To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright :
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight ;
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

XIX.

Like a wylde bull, that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the
thonder:
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive
asonder.

XX.

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But, most of all, Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard ;
Whenas unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard ;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

XXII.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching nye ;
Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pittie so to see him overset :
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get :
Him bootied not to thinke them to pursew ;
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage
shew.

XXIII.

Then, turning to that Swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire ;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake ; “ My liefie, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft ?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft ?
Where have ye all this while bin wandering, where
bene weft ?

XXIV.

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyme :
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraîne,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertaine :
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this Wyld Man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound ;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his hand-
ling kept :

XXVI.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline ;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine ;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

XXVII.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
 Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine:
 Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
 And did from further violence restraine,
 Albe the Wyld Man hardly would refraine.
 Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
 What and from whence she was; and by what
 traine
 She fell into that Salvage Villaines hand;
 And whether free with him she now were, or in
 band.

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see,
 The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on
 ground,
 Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
 And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
 That hath me driven to this drery stound.
 I was erewhile the Love of Calypso;
 Who whether he alive be to be found,
 Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
 Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX.

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
 Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
 Or else remained in most wretched state,
 Had not this Wylde Man in that wofull stead
 Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
 In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
 Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
 It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
 So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX.

“ Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake :
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so
weake !”

With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her Page.

XXXI.

So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede ;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede ;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed :
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes op-
pressed has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troupe
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some
ease
To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe :
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent ;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them tor-
ment.

XXXIII.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discour'tsies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine hath unto her shewed late
Without compassion of her cruell smarts :
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoud
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shameful Knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way ;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little Chappel stooode,
Which being all with yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed :
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed ;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where
nor how.

XXXVI.

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas :
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was ;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace :
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all ; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene :

XXXVII.

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowned much in armes, and derring doe :
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of Knighthood he did disavow ;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombrance did himselfe
 assoyle.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene :
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his owne turne ; yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay be-
 seene :
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But, being well suffiz'd, them rested faine:
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose grieffe through suffraunce
sore increast.

XL.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore;
their feete were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Salvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave Pere)
Would needs depart; as shall declared be else-
where.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and Dame
Of their sore maladies :
He Turpine doth defeate and shame
For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight :
For, by no art nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe ;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts ; such hurts are hellish paine.

II.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame ;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became :
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely
drest.

III.

For he right well in leaches craft was seene ;
And, through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight ;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright ;
And all the passions heale, which wound the
weaker spright.

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
In which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies :
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke himselfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

V.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily ;
And, ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery ;
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde :
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

VI.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same ;
And thus he to them sayd ; “ Faire Daughter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came ;
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie :

VII.

**"For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk re-
 straine [taine.
From that they most affect, and in due termes con-**

VIII.

“ For from those outward sences, ill affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing :
But, being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th’inner parts ; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

IX.

“ For that Beastes teeth, which wounded you to-
fore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought;
For that same Beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X.

“ Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearfull uglinesse.

XI.

“ To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darknesse, furthest from the skie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrolld doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes
asswage.

XII.

“ Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast ;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame :
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

XIII.

“ In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline
Then outward salves that may augment it more.”
“ Aye me !” sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
“ What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore !”
“ Butsith we need good counsell,” sayd the Swaine,
“ Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us
sustaine.”

XIV.

“ The best,” sayd he, “ that I can you advize,
Is, to avoide th’ occasion of the ill :
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th’ effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will ;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight ;
Use scantied diet, and forbear your fill ;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight :
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.”

XV.

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did per-
ceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other
leave :

XVI.

But each the other vow'd t'accompany :
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity ;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a fayre Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy iade unmeetely set,
And a lewd Foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbear to you to tell ;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight ;
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

XVIII.

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad :
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that Wylde Man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the Salvage Man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely Groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe :
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an Errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avault,
Or deare aby; for why? his Lord of old
Did hate all Errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

XXII.

Which when the Salvage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that Villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore,

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whilst many underneath
him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew :
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast ; where whenas with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same

Knight

And Salvage with their blood fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reproachfull words him thus bespake on
hight ;

XXV.

“ Art thou He, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumpest in the piteous spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dis-
honor

And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner ?
The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end which still attendeth on her.”
With that himselfe to battell he did frame ;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest ; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse :
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might :
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare ;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement :
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to
hyde :

But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrink asyde ;
But, ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay ;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But, when his foe he still so eger saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw :
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Wherso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace ;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

XXX.

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his Love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone ;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone :
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

XXXI.

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shrieke aloud ;
And, with her garment covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud ;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd ;
That, with the ruth of her so wretched case,
Hestayd his second strooke and did his hand abase.

XXXII.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover ;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his basenesse did despize ;
And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare :
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

XXXIII.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
“ Vile cowheard Dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytive so unworthie art,
That both thy Love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knight-
lesse part.

XXXIV.

“ Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
T^e erect this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of armes de-
spoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

XXXV.

“ And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldës sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong
then right.

XXXVI.

“ Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne !
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe ; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne ;
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive !”
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whilest he thus was setting things above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight :
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine ;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine ;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to
flie.

XXXIX.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage :
Who them perceiving, streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remaind
With her unworthy Knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL.

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease :
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent ;
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent :
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest ;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best :
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest ;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by
wondrous skill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and
fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay :
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter ;
Now smyling smoothly like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter ;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears
but water.

XLIII.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde ;
Or learnd the art to please, I doe not fynd :
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands
peace :

Who nathëllesse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse :

XLIV.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In carelesse couch not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent :
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld ; his two Knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed.
Fayre Mirabellæes punishment
For Loves disdainde decreed.

I,

LIKE as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind ;
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base
kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous Knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat ;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate :
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

III.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two Knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce were
blowne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

IV.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge Knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V.

The Knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew;
And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is the wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with
speed?"

VI.

"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
With a Wyld Man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his Love more then of daunger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour Knight,
Foule woman-wronger!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the
heavens darke.

VIII.

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince with much more stedly stowre
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

IX.

As when a cast of faulcons make their flight
At an hernesaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring ;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing ;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no
more.

X.

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight ;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismal sight ;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight :
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

XI.

Not so the Prince : for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

XII.

The fearfull Swayne beholding death so nie
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he; "There is a straunger Knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

XIII.

The Prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd; "Now sure ye well have earn'd your
meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him whereso he were
would seeke.

XIV.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
And griesly wounds, that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; "How now, Sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in
sight?"

XV.

"Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearded have, that life so dearely did redeeme."

XVI.

"But where then is," quoth he halfe wrothfully,
"Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant Knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"
"He lyes," said he, "upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that Errant Knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound."

XVII.

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would
ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the
traile,
Ere long they came, whenas in evill tyde
That other Swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the Craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone ;
And, him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none :
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in
 swound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest ;
The whyles his Salvage Page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best ;
The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray.

XX.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other Knight to him had sayd :
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd against that straunger
 Knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

XXI.

But that same Knight would not once let him start;
But plainly gan to him declare the case,
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

XXII.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger Swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrárywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to
surprize.

XXIII.

Nathelesse, for all his speach, the gentle Knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemye,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping
vew'd.

XXIV.

) There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternly shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other Knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the Cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespásse.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a Carle and Foole which by her side did
passe.

XXVIII.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faërie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a Knight, and many a gentle
Squire:

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy Pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright:
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest Knight.

XXX.

But this coy Damzell thought contráriwise,
That such proud looks would make her prayesd
more;

And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched Lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such souveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more
aright?

XXXII.

But loe! the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this Maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his Court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all Lovers doe resort,
That of their Loves successe they there may make
report;

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He had his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impanel'd streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conveyd:
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that were all betrayd
And mured cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

XXXV.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a Capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornfull Lasse:
The Warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call;
He which doth summon Lovers to Loves Iudge-
ment Hall.

XXXVI.

The Damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
 Unto the Barre whereas she was arrayned :
 But she thereto nould plead, nor answer ought,
 Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned :
 So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
 In cases like: Which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
 Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
 Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII.

The Sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
 But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
 Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse ;
 Yet not so freely, but that nathëllesse
 He unto her a penance did impose,
 Which was, that through this worlds wyde wil-
 dernes
 She wander should in companie of those,
 Till she had sav'd so many Loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
 Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
 Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
 And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace ;
 Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
 Saved but two ; yet in two yeares before,
 Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt
 place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.
 Aie me, how could her love make half amends
 therefore !

XXXIX.

And now she was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty Man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make; and eeke that angry Foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her
doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former Villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead;

XLI.

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstrous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the Heaven in order battailous;
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Unas Knight he did maintaine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
 Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
 Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
 He scorned in his overweening pryde;
 And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde
 At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
 And, all the way he went, on every syde
 He gaz'd about and stared horrible,
 As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie,

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any living wight;
 But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
 Upon checklatoe, he was straungely dight;
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Moors of Malaber, he wore,
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
 Were bound about and voyded from before;
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse
 Through thick and thin, through mountains and
 through plains,
 Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
 But that same Foole, which most increast her paines,
 Was Scorne; who, having in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
 To see her sore lained and bite her tender hip.

XLV.

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those Villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no lenger beare so great abuse
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse ;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And, maugre all his might, backe to relent :
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

XLVI.

The Villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his burden to sustaine :
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide,
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his
pride.

XLVII.

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore ;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound
swore.

XLVIII.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did looke
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that Foole for pittie did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest grieve of
scorning growes.

L.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that Villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine ;
Quites Mirabell from dreed :
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift ;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift ;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe
abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde ;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate ;
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which bootéd nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore;) -
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

V.

The Squire himselfe, whenas he saw his Lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all;
Shame would be hid: But whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such Villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoued there-
withall;

VI.

And to the Prince thus sayd; "See you, Sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pittie or of awe!
See! how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame
assoile."

VII.

The Prince assented; and then he, streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
"Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralld unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew:
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the Death that hard before you
stands."

VIII.

The Villaine stayd not aunswer to invent;
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky:
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

IX.

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved himselfe but that he there him slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his Foe good hope of victory:
Who, therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainly
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

X.

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The Villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yrón bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdain.

XI.

With that the Foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilst on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so straye,
That downe he kept him with his scornfull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other Villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the Foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their
corage stout.

XII.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare :
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare ;
And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to save his friend from ieopardy.

XIII.

The Villaine, leaving him unto his Mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist :
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist ;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas ;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the Caytive after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble Childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his
hurt.

XVII.

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And, least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:
Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
“Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God abstaine
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine;
For more on him doth then himselfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end.”

XVIII.

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize;
That in that Villaines health her safety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itselfe redresse, and punish such despights.

XIX.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water-streams, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
“ Nor heavens, nor men, can me most wretched
Mayd
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX.

“ In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight;
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that please each living sight;
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and sigh't,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

XXI.

“ But let them love that list, or live or die ;
Me list not die for any lovers doole :
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pittie him that list to play the foole :
To love myself I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine :
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

XXII.

“ For loe ! the winged god, that woundeth harts,
Causde me be called to accompt therefore ;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penance sore ;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should
stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay.”

XXIII.

“ Certes,” sayd then the Prince, “ the god is iust,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile :
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely
were ?”

XXIV.

"Here in this bottle," sayd the sory Mayd,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd :
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more
I mourn."

XXV.

The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids iudg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

XXVI.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall ;
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall :
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall ;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dis-
praised.

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainly found
It was his owne true Groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the Salvage Man, when he beheld
That huge great Foole oppressing th' other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe fol-
loweth.

XXIX.

And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abstaine streightway
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;
" Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these Villaines
lose."

XXX.

“ Ah! nay, Sir Knight,” said she, “ it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enioyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill :
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.”
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside :
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them deuide,

XXXI.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena ; who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd :
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read,

XXXII.

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through
breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares :
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine ;
And, sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine ;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

XXXIII.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

XXXIV.

Tho whenas all her complaints she had displayd,
And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd;
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safêty betray
Unto a strange mischaunce, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde:
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearlesse
lay.

XXXVII.

Soone as they spide her, lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her
face

Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devise what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to
make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill
better:

Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of god she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrificize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would
But of her dainty flesh they did devise [present:
To make a common feast, and feed with gur-
mandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The Damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts
embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

XLII.

Her yvorie neck; her alabaster brest;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel
won.

XLIII.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those Villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theeves
in measure.

XLIV.

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens
wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh
hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certain secret charme,
With other diuinish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heauie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
In which his Love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And catching up his arms streight to the noise
forth past.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire :
Mongst whom a Woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire :
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng ;
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing lays on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends :
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends ;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends :
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

L.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind ;
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe ;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind :
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him a whit
thereto.

LI.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood:
So all that night to him unknown she past:
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knownen to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

I.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter had not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortal name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and
through plaines,
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III.

So sharply he the Monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe (but natures dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citties coursed,
And from the citties to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he
scorsed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing, to their flockes that fed;
Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat.
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepherd groomes
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded
broomes

Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought:
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether
brought.

VI.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd High God them farre from them to
send:

Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire Damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Y clad in home-made greene that her owne hands
had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses ; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayes dew,
'And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim :
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their souveraine goddesses her esteeme,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheard
swayne,
But her did honour ; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone :
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend ;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend :
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind
ascend.

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the Blynd Boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others
stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the Damzels
fantazy.

XIII.

By this the moystie Night approching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed:
Then came to them a good old aged Syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the Damzell rise; the day did now ex-
pyre.

XIV.

He was to weet, by common voice, esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed ;
Yet was not so ; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone ;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld ; for other he had none ;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare :
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare :
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke ; but Coridon most helpe did
give.

XVI,

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home ;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wish ; and home with him
did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre
And of his aged Beldame homely well ;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest-himselfe, till supper time befell ;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde ;
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre Mayd the table ta'ne away ;
The gentle Knight as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his Host and his good Wife ;
And, drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter
strife.

XIX.

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease ;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease !
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie !"

XX.

“ Surely, my Sonne,” then answer’d he againe,
“ If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having small yet do I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI.

“ Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envye of any one therefore:
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th’ Almighty that doth
send it!

XXII.

“ To them, that list, the worlds gay shewes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

XXIII.

“ Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away ;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convey ;
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle ;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle ;
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte
doth boyle.

XXIV.

“ The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepherds base attire ;
For further fortune then I would inquire :
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought :
There I beheld such vaineresse as I never thought,

XXV.

“ With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long de-
luded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare :
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here.”

XXVI.

Whylest thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced
grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; " Now surely, Syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay shoves, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadows to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges dred.

XXVIII.

" That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition;
And wish the heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

XXIX.

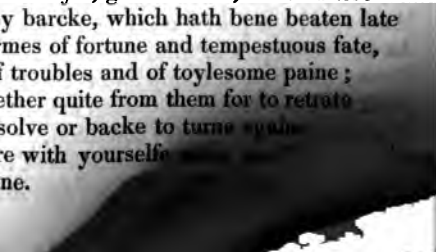
“ In vaine,” said then old Melibee, “ doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse ;
Sith they know best what is the best for them :
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best ;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse ;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his
brest.

XXX.

“ It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore :
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store ;
And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise ;
For wisdom is most riches : fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devise ;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize.”

XXXI.

“ Since then in each mans self,” said Calidore,
“ It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good Father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine ;
That, whether quite from them for to retrace
I shall resolve or backe to turne againe
I may here with yourselfe taine.



XXXII.

“ Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
 For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
 Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you safer live.”
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it
 drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake; “ Sir Knight, your bounteous
 proffer
 Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
 That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread:
 But, if ye algates covet to assay
 This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe ahead.”

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
 During which time he did her entertaime
 With all kind courtesies he could invent;
 And ever for companie to gaine,
 When he went, he with her went:
 And so did it more augment.

R

XXXV.

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quient usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene;
But, being bred under base shepherds wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things;
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or e'er devise;
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all
despize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe address
In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepherds hooke;
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Benone sought,
What time the Golden Apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the revenous wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke: Love so
much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd; and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that Straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there,
That she did love a stranger swayne then him
more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That, all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her adrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come Shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI.

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: Then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

XLII.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed
dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their iudge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon, forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his
foe great shame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake ;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake ;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right ;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs :
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour : So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time
dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell ;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot ; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace commended :
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody :
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved ?
But now, entrapt of Love which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath
sore engrieved.

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine ;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his Love to gaine ;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low ;
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales ;
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew ?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew :
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare ?) can it compare ;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

V.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were :
For all that ever was by Natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there ;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill,

VI.

It was an Hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to dis-
daine;

In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre :

VII.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course-about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the Hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

IX.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court
And in her souveraine majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusse and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.

XI.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked Maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round ; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme :
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much
graced.

XIII.

Looke ! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell :
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme ; and ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw ;
But, most of all, those Three did her with gifts
endew.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaidens of Venns, which are wont to haunt
Upon this Hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those Three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that Shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

XVI.

She was, to weete, that iolly Shepherds Lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That iolly Shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, iolly Shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy Love that made thee low to lout;
Thy Love is present there with thee in place;
Thy Love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of Beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

XVIII.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All save the Shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote
learne:

XIX.

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
"Haile, iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leade in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote these dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant
playes:
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

XX.

"Not I so happy," answerd then that Swaine,
"As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
"Right sory I," saide then Sir Calidore,
"That my ill fortune did them hence displace:
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee
grieves so sore."

XXI.

Tho gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate ;
“ Then wote, thou Shepheard, whatsoe’er thou bee,
That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree :
They all are Graces which on her depend ;
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend ;
But those Three in the midst, doe chiefe on her
attend :

XXII.

“ They are the Daughters of sky-ruling Iove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee
Of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry ;
Sweete goddesses all Three, which me in mirth do
cherry !

XXIII.

“ These Three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show ;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie :
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes ; which skill men call Civility.

XXIV.

“ Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And eeke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come, in
greater store.

XXV.

“ Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them
traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven first enrac'd!
But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the Fourth with those Three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

XXVI.

“ So farre, as doth the Daughter of the Day
All other lesser lights in light excell,
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

“ Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty souveraine rare,
Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

“ Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Maiesty!
Pardon thy Shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of Thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore Handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!”

XXIX.

When thus that Shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore; “ Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see.”
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

XXX.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wisht that with that Shepheard he mote dwell-
ing share.

XXXI.

But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure, no skill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the
maine.

XXXII.

So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the shepherd Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
To him, the Shepheard straight with iealousie did
frize.

XXXIV.

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberries,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His Loves deare spoile, in which his heart was
prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his shepherds hooke
To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thank't that had her death
prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowerdize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for furthér intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Bléw up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade;
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did
murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much
disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse Mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sigh't,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

XLI.

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convey:
Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras:

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies
shade

From view of living wight and covered over;
But Darknesse dred and daily Night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as
felt.

XLIII.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in
darknesse dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feelles no heate of sunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;))
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain :
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

THE ioyes of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednesse :
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is
meet.

II.

Like as is now befallne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song :
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those Theeves, which her in bondage
strong
Detaynd, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng ;
That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from plea-
saunt hew.

III.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their Capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

IV.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote ;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her
wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her
vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love :
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove ;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

VI.

At last, when him she so impórtune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend ;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall :
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine ;
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her ioyance should obtaine :
But when she saw, through that small favours
 gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest ;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes
 behest.

VIII.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy :
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde :
Her sicknesse was not of the body but the mynde.

IX.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of Merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves ; where being readie met
By some of these same Theeves at th' instant
brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

X.

To whom they shewed, how those Marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy ;
And therefore prayd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled ;
Yet could he not their iust demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be
called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught ;
All which he to the Marchants sale did shoue :
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire Shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe ;
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t' augment her price through praise of
comlinesse.

XII.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answer, that "the Mayd of whom they spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Litle for him to have one silly lasse;
Besides through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:"
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake
she was.

XIII.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These Marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through de-
A while on her they greedily did gaze, [light,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

XIV.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her;
Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more displea-
sure,
Bad them be still; "his Love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would
hold."

XV.

Therewith some other of the chieftest Theeves
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbear ;
For that same Mayd, however it him grieves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay ;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That whoso hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

XVI.

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke ;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
 stalke,
And makes huge havocke ; whiles the candlelight
Out-quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

XVII.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray ;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare ;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare :
Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

XVIII.

But, first of all, their captives they doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will :
Old Melibee is slaine ; and him beside
His aged wife ; with many others wide :
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth
And flyes away as fast as he can hye, [hide,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended ;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme fell down with him in
drierie swound.

XX.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcasses, which dying on her fell :
Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray gan cease ;
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone :
Thereto they all attonce agreëd well ;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many
fone.

XXI.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying Mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie
night.

XXII.

But, when they mov'd the carcasses aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

XXIII.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying!
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did
keepe,

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarsely suffering her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore, where we him
found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his Love reft away; he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wyld beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other-
where.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare;
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
found.

XXVII.

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd :
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepheards hynd,

XXVIII.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt Where were the rest,
Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streming threw :
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, What ment that rufull hew ;
Where was his Pastorell? Where all the other
crew?

XXIX.

“ Ah ! well away,” sayd he, then sighing sore,
“ That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye !”
“ Die ! out alas !” then Calidore did cry,
“ How could the Death dare ever her to quell !
But read thou, Shepheard, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed : doe feare away,
and tell.”

XXX.

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began ; “ Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale ? or how those Brigants vyle
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyl'd all our cots, and caried us from hence ;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To Marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence ;
Or how those Theeves, whilst one sought her to
hold, [bold.
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and

XXXI.

“ In that same conflict (woe is me !) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell,
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent ;
Old Melibee and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament :
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death
forstall.

XXXII.

“ But what could he gainst all them doe alone ?
It could not boot ; needs mote she die at last !
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast ;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead,
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont
to lead.”

XXXIII.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat ;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat ;
And wishing oft, that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour
nere.

XXXIV.

But after grieve awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last ;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake ;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past ;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to
breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne :
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede ;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne :
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes ; but Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily :
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy ;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best
assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flocks the which those Theeves had
reft
From Melibee and from themselves whyleare ;
And certaine of the Theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then
kept :
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept :
But, when he saw the Theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe, [swade ;
Though not his feare ; for nought may feare dis-
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away ;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day .

**Tho, whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those Theeves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought :
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd ; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most possest.**

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the Theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Capitaines nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came, they found it fast :
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast :
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran ; where the bold Knight
Encountring him with small resistance slew :
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall :
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand
more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the Brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And, entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand;
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcasses he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII.

How many flies in whottest summers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scat-
treth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then, backe returning to his dearest Deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches, and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI.

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and treasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent:
But Fortune now the victors meed did make ;
Of which the best he did his Love betake ;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his Make,
He did them all to Coridon restore :
So drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle Knight from sewing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to
 restraine.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure ;
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustie Knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadful stoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were :

IV.

Her name was Claribell ; whose father hight
The Lord of many ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might :
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This Daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere ;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreign
fere :

V.

And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few :
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw ;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI.

Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his Love sometimes he came in place ;
Whereof her wombe unwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a Mayden Child forth brought :
Which she streightway (for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

VII.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle Babe, to take thereof a sight :
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more, |
Yet could not remedie her wretched case ;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place ;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched Infants helpe provyde ;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the Infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place ; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound ;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound ;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands ; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all :
Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Postorella thether.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine ;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field : als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wex more sound and
strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore ;
That much he feared least reproachfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore ;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his
name.

XIII.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his Love, now perill being past,
With Claribell ; whylest he that Monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare :
Yet did that auncient Matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare ;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did
dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same Infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To Fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of ioy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her Mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graste,
To save her Chylde, which in Misfortunes mouth
was plaste.

XVII.

The sober Mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
“ My lief,” sayd she, “ ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little Mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder Lady, whom High God did
save.”

XVIII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that speech,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
“Most certaine markes,” sayd she, “do me it
teach;
For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeares, do surely priue
That yond same is your Daughter sure, which yet
doth live.”

XIX.

The Matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainly saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
“And livest thou, my Daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
faine?”

XX.

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her pre-
sents,
Is her owne Daughter, her owne Infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kisse and many a melting tearc.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this Mothers ioy describe :
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a Daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was ; that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pittie melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell :
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd, for his owne, faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore ; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

XXIII.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last ;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine
and might.

XXIV.

Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and
there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare ;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report ; yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

XXV.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew ;
So all confounded and disordered there :
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare ;
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe :
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim :

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality ;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night ;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry ;
And some of beares, that groynd continually ;
And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by :
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor
when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings ;
And spake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne kesars spared he a whit nor kings ;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fomed all about his bloody iawes :
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes :

XXX.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene ; and, therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall ;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held ;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloody gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himself upright :
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew ;
That made him almost mad for fell despight :
He grind, he bit, he scracht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew :

XXXII.

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faïne
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw ;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre
increast.

XXXIII.

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
 By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
 And sharpely at him to revile and raile
 With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
 Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
 Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
 Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
 Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
 But strained him so streightly that he chokt him
 neare.

XXXIV.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrinke
 And rage to quaille, he tooke a muzzle strong
 Of surest yron made with many a lincke;
 Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
 And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
 For never more defaming gentle Knight,
 Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:
 And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
 With which he drew him forth, even in his own
 despight.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine
 Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell
 Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
 And roring horribly did him compell
 To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
 To griesly Pluto, what on earth was donne,
 And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
 Foraye in Darkenesse which day light doth shonne:
 So led this Knight his captvyve with like conquest
 wonne.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose ;
And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore :
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore ;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the
land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereso he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong ;
And, seeing it, much wondred at the sight :
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd
the Knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, suppress and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed :
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he
wrought
To mortall men then he had done before ;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more :
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand ;
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore ;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land ;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state ;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime ;
Ne spareth he most learned Wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime ;
But rends, without regard of person or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely Verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More than my former Writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please ; that now is counted wise
mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS
OF
MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL
OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER THE
Legend of Constance.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleas'd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the soveraine.

I.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought from
them to beare.

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment ;
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive :

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority :
As Hecatè, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men, as she them list divide ;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at
her pride.

IV.

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine ;
That as a goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine :
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine ;
Where she such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

V.

For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iustice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,
By which we all are subiect to that curse,
And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our
nurse!

VII.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest and thralld to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Love himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly story ;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Tyme,) she entred, were he lief or sory ;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night ;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend ;
That with his torche, still twinkling like twilight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travellers did lend :

X.

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand crystall pillors of huge hight ;
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to herselfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her
wained.

XI.

Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
And let herselfe into that ivory throne;
For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men whose fall she did bemone,
Or unto gods whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Herselfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

XII.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Iove assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But, with sterne countenance and disdainfull
cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare;
But, boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand:
Whereat the Starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still
gazed.

XIV.

Mean while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the King of gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Loves faire palace fixt in heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
The Father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftsoones the Sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And, if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.

The wingd-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came whereas the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse,
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Iove her dooings to discharge.

XVIII.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Whereat the Titanesse did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd; That in evill hower
He from his Iove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthias silver bower;
Sith shee his Iove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthias selfe; but all their king-
doms sought.

XIX.

The heavens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregat:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Iove; who, changing nought his count'nance
bold, [fold;
Did unto them at length these speeches wise un-

XX.

“ Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers :
Ye may remember since th’ Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed ;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroied quite ;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

XXI.

“ Of that bad seed is this bold Woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire :
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire ;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise :
Areed, ye Sonnes of God, as best ye can devise.”

XXII.

So having said, he ceast ; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded
beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of heaven to check,)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake :
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and
wise. [did reck
Meanwhile th’ Earths daughter, though she nought
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold
emprize.

XXIII.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd ; that whil'st the gods
 (After returne of Hermes embassie)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods ;
 Before they could new counsels re-allie,
 To set upon them in that extasie,
 And take what fortune, time, and place would lend :
 So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
 To Ioves high palace straight cast to ascend,
 To prosecute her plot : Good onset boads good end.

XXIV.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass ;
 Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
 At sight of her they suddaine all arose
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose :
 But Love, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby ;
 And in his souveraine throne gan straight dispose
 Himselfe, more full of grace and maiestie,
 That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote
 terrifie.

XXV.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
 All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
 Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld ;
 And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
 And voyd of speech in that drad audience ;
 Untill that Love himselfe herselfe bespake :
 " Speake, thou fraile Woman, speake with con-
 fidence ; [make ?
 Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now
 What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to for-
 sake ?"

XXVI.

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund,
 Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
 Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund ;
 " I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
 Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
 Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child :
 But by the fathers, be it not envide,
 I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
 Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven
 exil'd.

XXVII.

" For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
 Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right ;
 Both sonnes of Uranus ; but by uniust
 And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
 The younger thrust the elder from his right :
 Since which thou, Ioue, iniuriously hast held
 The heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might ;
 And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld :
 Witnesse, ye heavens, the truth of all that I have
 teld !"

XXVIII.

Whil'st she thus spake, the gods that gave good eare
 To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
 (Beeing of stature tall as any there
 Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
 As any of the goddesses in place,)
 Stood all astonied ; like a sort of steeres,
 Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine
 race
 Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres :
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

XXIX.

Till, having paus'd awhile, Iove thus bespake ;
“ Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
In this bold sort to heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiaall seates with earthly mire ?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or greát Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine ;

XXX.

“ But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our skie ;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell ?” With that, he shooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare,)
Hestaide his hand ; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began ;
“ But ah ! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Iove should doe still what he can !

XXXII.

“ But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem
to showe.

XXXIII.

“ But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in heavens interesse;
Much lesse the title of old Titans right:
For we by conquest, of our sovaine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright;
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

XXXIV.

“ Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle;
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Have Iove thy gracious Lord and Soveraigne.”
So having said, she thus to him replyde;
“ Ceasse, Saturnes Sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t’ allure mee to thy side,
For to betray my right before I have it tride.

XXXV.

“ But thee, O Iove, no equall iudge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme :
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the god of Nature, I appeale.”
Thereat Iove waxed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation seale.

XXXVI.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly
wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their titles and best rights :
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill ?)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father MOLE, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and
Knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Beeing of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy-Islands hights,)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill :
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best :
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most
on ground :

XXXIX.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,)
She chose this Arlo ; where shee did resort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort ;
For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and
sport :

XL.

Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna ; daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright :
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be ;
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee :
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see,

XLI.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high-mounted grows,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks,
Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous
showes

Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flows,
That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shee
doth drowne.

XLII.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilesome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye:
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privy.

XLIII.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her Maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret
bee.

XLIV.

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
 With this small boone, to quit her with a better ;
 To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
 Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
 That he would undertake for this to get her
 To be his Love, and of him liked well :
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
 For many moe good turnes then he would tell ;
 The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLV.

The simple Maid did yield to him anone ;
 And eft him placed where he close might view
 That never any saw, save onely one,
 Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
 Was of his hounds devour'd in hunters hew.
 Tho, as her manner was on a sunny day,
 Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
 To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her array,
 She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Love a likely pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
 And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
 That, for great ioy of somewhat he did spy,
 He could him not containe in silent rest ;
 But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
 His foolish thought : a foolish Faune indeed,
 That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
 But wouldest needs thine own conceit areed !
 Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The Goddesses, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke ;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and
shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought ;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her dayr'house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine ;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull
mind ;

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile :
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall ;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile :
Yet he (poore soule !) with patience all did beare ;
For nought against their wils might countervaille :
Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare ;
But, hanging downe his head, did like a mome
appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would
spill

The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deares skin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how
hee might.

LI.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any deere; so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were ;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaundment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones: Yet Faunus, for her
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine, [paine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river
spred.

LIV.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke ;
In whose sweete streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke :
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid ;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champion that may else be rid ;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand sal-
mons bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left ; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay ;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast
around.
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound :
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since
have found !

CANTO VII.

Pealing from Iove to Natures bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.

AH! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens king
(Thy souveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens empire sought to dispossesse?

II.

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

III.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Prosérpina were present there.

IV.

And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and plaine:
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

V.

Then forth issew'd (great Goddesses) great Dame
Nature
With goodly port and gracious maiesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For, with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none
appeare.

XII.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there ;
Where Phœbus self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song and musicks wondrous might.

XIII.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld ;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted ;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld ;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came Dame Mutabilitie ;
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie :

XIV.

“ To thee, O greatest Goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe ! I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat ;
Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
Oppressing them with power unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother :

XV.

“ To thee therefore of this same Iove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds
raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee :
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee ;
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme :
Foreven the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

XVI.

“ Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddess, by what
right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty ;
And that is onely dew unto my might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously :
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Iove usurpes uniustly, that to be
My heritage, Iove's selfe cannot deny,
From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent ; as is well known to thee.

XVII.

“ Yet mauger love, and all his gods beside,
I doe possesse the worlds most regiment ;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall :

XVIII.

“ For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
However fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang’d by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse
wise.

XIX.

“ As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts;
The beasts we daily see massâcred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
And men themselves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly;
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions
fall.

XX.

“ Ne is the Water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these belowe:
For th’ ocean moveth still from place to place;
And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll’d,
Now like great hills; and streight, like sluces,
them unfold.

XXI.

“ So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their steadfast plights :
The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie :
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
But fitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

XXII.

“ Next is the Ayre : which who feeles not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with substill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life ? O weake life ! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th’ unsteady Ayre,
Which every howre is chang’d, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire :
The faire doth it prolong ; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

“ Therein the changes infinite beholde ;
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce ;
Now boyling hot ; streight friezing deadly cold ;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and
daunce ;
Streight bitter storms, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them
quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand
changes make.

XXIV.

“ Last is the Fire ; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite ; yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray :
Ne any living creatures doth he breed ;
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay ;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed ;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without
 seede.

XXV.

“ Thus all these Fower (the which the ground-
 work bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see :
Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous slights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights ;
The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth ; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere ;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI.

“ So in them all raignes Mutabilitie ;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and soveraintie ;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall ;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall ;
Ops, of the earth ; and Iuno, of the ayre ;
Neptune, of seas ; and Nymphes, of rivers all :
For all those rivers to one subiect are ;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

XXVII.

“ Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddess, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold ;
As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall :
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or iudge thyselfe, by verdict of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all.”
Nature did yeeld thereto ; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Maiesty.

XXVIII.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare :
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare ;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light :
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated
sore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore :
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth
had yold.

XXXI.

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill :
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

XXXII.

These, marching softly, thus in order went.
And after them the Monthes all riding came :
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam ;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourish-
ment.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd
in sight [delight.
With waves, through which he waded for his Loves

XXXIV.

Then came faire May, the fayrest Mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two Brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their souveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

XXXV.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contráry to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest
grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot Iuly boyling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away :
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey :
 (It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The Némæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array :)
 Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
 In garment all of gold, downe to the ground :
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found :
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
 But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven
 extold.

XXXVIII.

Next him September marched eeke on foote ;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
 Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enricht with bounty of the soyle :
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
 A Paire of Waights, with which he did assoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equall gave to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came October full of merry glee ;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust :
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom uniust
Slew great Orion ; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

XL.

Next was November ; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme ;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem ;
In planting eeke he tooke no small delight :
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme ;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill December :
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad :
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares
They say, was nourisht by th' Iæan Mayd ;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres

XLII.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away ;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may ;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray :
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the
Romane Flood.

XLIII.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away ; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the Twelve Months forth, and their dew
places found.

XLIV.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase ;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white :
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And Sleep and Darknesse round about did trace :
But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
The goodly sun encompass all with beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
And timely Night; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed
By mighty Iove; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to
employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
"Lo! mighty Mother, now be iudge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
CHANGE doth not raign and beare the greatest
sway:

For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
But times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Ioue ; “ Right true it is, that these
 And all things else that under heaven dwell
 Are chaung’d of Time, who doth them all disseise
 Of being : But who is it (to me tell)
 That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
 To keepe his course ? Is not that namely Wee,
 Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
 That moves them all, and makes them changed be ?
 So them We gods doe rule, and in them also Thee.”

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability ; “ The things,
 Which we see not how they are mov’d and swayd,
 Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
 And say, they by your secret power are made :
 But what we see not, who shall us perswade ?
 But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
 Mov’d by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
 Yet what if I can prove, that even Yee
 Yourselves are likewise chang’d, and subiect unto
 Mee?

L.

“ And first, concerning her that is the first,
 Even yon, faire Cynthia, whom so much ye make
 Ioues dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
 On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take ;
 Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake :
 Besides, her face and countenance every day
 We changed see and sundry forms partake,
 Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown
 and gray :
 So that *as changefull as the moone* men use to say.

LI.

“ Next Mercury ; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one ;
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone :
So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day :
And Phœbus self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

LII.

“ Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most ;
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare ;
That even these star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes :
So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes :
So many turning cranks these have, so many
crookes.

LIII.

“ But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare ?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame ;
Where were ye borne ? Some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere ;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world ; ne other can appeare.

LIV.

“ Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to Me ;
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be :
Besides, that power and vertue, which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change : for each of you,
That vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

LV.

“ Besides, the sundry motions of your spheares,
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares ;
What is the same but Alteration plaine ?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine :
Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
And even itself is mov'd, as wizards saine :
But all that moveth doth Mutation love :
Therefore both you and them to Me I subiect prove.

LVI.

“ Then since within this wide great Universe
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse ;
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My trophee, and from all the triumph beare ?
Now iudge then, O thou greatest Goddesses trew,
According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew ;
That is, the Rule of all ; all being rul'd by You.”

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensewed ;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraigne place :
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches
few :

LVIII.

“ I well consider all that ye have sayd ;
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be ; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate ;
But by their change their being doe dilate ;
And, turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate :
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne ;
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states
maintaine.

LIX.

“ Cease therefore, Daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by Me :
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire :
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall
see !”

So was the Titaness put downe and whist,
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natures selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

THE VIIIth CANTO, UNPERFITE.

I.

WHEN I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
 Of Mutability, and well it way,
 Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
 Of the heav'ns rule; yet, very sooth to say,
 In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
 Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
 And love of things so vaine to cast away;
 Whose flowing pride, so fading and so fickle,
 Short Time shall soon cut down with his con-
 suming rickle!

II.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
 Of that same time when no more change shall be,
 But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
 Upon the pillours of Eternity,
 That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
 For all that moveth doth in change delight:
 But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
 With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
 O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sab-
 baths sight!

END OF VOL. V.

H m ac

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

